

## The Monthly Musical Record.

OCTOBER 1, 1872.

### MUSICAL FASHION, AND FASHIONABLE MUSIC.

It is a trite and often-heard saying that the English are not a musical people. The axiom is true or false, according to the point of view from which we judge. We are not about, on the present occasion, to discuss the question in its general bearings; our intention is rather to make a few remarks on the influence of fashion on the art in this country, and on the attitude towards it of those who are commonly called the "upper ten thousand."

An intelligent foreign musician, coming to these shores for the purpose of investigating the state of art here, would naturally inquire what measure of support, if any, was afforded it by the government, the aristocracy, and those who are supposed to be the leaders of taste and fashion. If a German, he might say, "In my own land I see music in its highest branches supported by governments and kings. I find the conservatoires, where a thorough musical education is placed within the reach of all, subsidised by our governments; I find a Wagner under royal patronage; a Joachim also holding a royal appointment; a publication like that of our German Handel Society, liberally and nobly assisted by the King of Hanover. What can you show me here that is analogous? Our answer would have to be simply "Nothing."

We are not complaining here of the want of royal patronage and support for our musical institutions. There is much to be said both for and against such a system; and it is at least an open question whether in this country music does not thrive quite as well when sustained by private enterprise, as it would do were it under the parental care of, let us say, Mr. Ayrton. But when we look at the kind of music most in fashion, and most patronised by the upper classes, it cannot be denied that we find much to deplore, and very little upon which to congratulate ourselves.

Look first at the opera. It is well known that an operatic enterprise depends for pecuniary success, not upon the support of musicians, who would for the most part be attracted by really good works, but on the wealthy nobility and aristocracy, who, because it is "the fashion," take a box for the season, and thus furnish the impresario with the funds necessary for paying the enormous, and in many cases extravagant, salaries demanded by operatic singers. These fashionable supporters of the opera in a very large number of cases know little, and care less, about good music. They go to the opera either to hear some favourite vocalist, or to be gratified by a gorgeous *mise-en-scène*, or else simply to wile away an evening; and their total want of cultivated taste is clearly shown by the class of operas most frequently performed. Verdi's *Traviata* may be instanced as an example of the kind of music most patronised. Effectively written no doubt it is, but who would for a moment compare it with *Figaro*, *Fidelio*, or the *Freischütz*? And which draws the best house? The recently chronicled signal failure (as regards attendance) of Cherubini's *Deux Journées*, which was played but once to a half-empty house, speaks volumes as to the utter indifference of our operatic patrons to good music. True, the *élite* of the musical profession were present; but, as we said above, it is not they who really support the opera; and the fashionable occupiers of the boxes simply stopped away.

The music was far too good for them, and there was no appeal to their love of the sensational. In short, it did not "draw." We grant that there are a few first-rate works which do attract; such, for instance, as Rossini's sparkling *Barbiere*; but in these it is not so much that the music is good, as that there is opportunity for the display of the talents of some popular prima donna. Even in the same composer's glorious *William Tell*, we fear it is more the "high c" in the part of Arnoldo, and the spectacular brilliancy of the opera, than the exquisite music, which is found attractive.

In a recent number of our paper we referred to the subject of benefit concerts; and we mention them again here as showing the taste, or rather the want of taste, of the fashionable world. What concerts receive the most distinguished patronage? Certainly not those in which the best music is to be heard. At our highest class of concerts we shall find the most intelligent and appreciative, and the most enthusiastic, but not the most fashionable audience. The music most in vogue is the Italian cavatina or duet, sung by some popular operatic favourite. At the State concerts, for instance, given from time to time at Buckingham Palace, the larger part of the programme is made up of pieces from Italian operas, with perhaps a classical overture or two thrown in as a make-weight. With such an example set in the highest quarters, can we wonder that it is so frequently followed?

There is yet one more point on which we will touch, in which fashion exercises a most injurious influence on music. We refer to the preference for everything that is foreign. English singers and players, and English music, with a few rare exceptions, have literally no chance at all in competition with those of other countries. Abroad it is otherwise. Whether we look at France, Germany, or Italy, we shall find native talent encouraged, and native composers brought forward; but here it is just the reverse. How many pieces in the programme of a fashionable concert will be the productions of Englishmen? It seems to be quietly assumed that nothing good, musically, can come out of England. We are the only birds that thus foul our own nest. With such an opinion of ourselves, it is not surprising that others should have a low opinion of us.

It will, of course, be remembered that in these remarks we have not been speaking of the general public, but only of that portion of it which is supposed to lead the fashions. The state of things we have been describing, we trust without exaggeration, may furnish some explanation of the comparatively slow advance in public musical taste. There is another and happily a brighter side on which we might look; but it is as well not to shut our eyes to facts as they are, and the facts are by no means encouraging.

### THE MUSIC OF THE SANCTUARY.

TWO LECTURES

BY JAMES STIMPSON

(Organist of the Town Hall, Birmingham).

(Concluded from p. 128.)

WHEN I remark that church music should be consistent, I mean that it ought to be totally distinct and separate from that of every-day life. Secular things do not belong to the church or its music, and so are not consistent therein. Again, to be consistent, the music of the church should be for *all*, such as every person can unite in singing; grand from its very simplicity. To have it so is possible, then let it be practised. The anthem, if such be used, ought to be very easy, and what a congregation could easily learn; it

should not have any elaborate obligato organ accompaniment, as is now so much the fashion, the organist taking upon himself the part of a full orchestra, and throwing the instrumental portion of the music into as much prominence as that allotted to the voices. Individual display can never be consistent in church music, any more than in any other part of the service.

There should be consistency in the chanting as well as every other portion of the music; each psalm has many thoughts in it; let the music follow these, and let joy, hope, triumph, sorrow, fear, and every other passion the words embrace, have its right and true expression. We could not read them with one tone or one utterance, then why sing them so?

I would draw your attention to the Psalm cxxxvi., which I have arranged in antiphonal form, with, however, the whole congregation joining in full chorus at each repetition of the words, "For his mercy endureth for ever." The arrangement is very simple, and a fine effect easily produced by *all* the congregation joining in what is marked full, and those on the right and left sides of the church singing alternately what is marked *Decani* and *Cantoris*.

A third point required to make church music what "it should be," is words fit to sing. Let us have the songs of the Bible—not merely the book of Psalms, but those we find scattered through its sacred pages from Genesis to Revelation—pointed and chanted; and when we learn to sing the poetry of our good old English Bible, the vapid utterances and long-drawn words of the majority of our hymns must soon tire us, and we will esteem them at their true worth, beautiful as the individual experiences of uninspired hearts, and fit for the closet, but not for the sanctuary. If we must have hymns, let them be suitable for music. All music has a certain defined and unalterable accent, a fact totally ignored by hymn-writers, and the consequence is, a tune written to one verse of a hymn is generally all out of gear for the others. This carelessness and want of order in what we offer to God is very sad. For our own pleasure we try to have everything of the best; we have beautiful music, illustrating appropriate words; these latter carefully printed, so that no rustle of turning over the pages on which they are, may disturb the attentive ear (would that our hymn-book compilers thought of this); and all this trouble is taken to make our enjoyment more complete. If we are endowed with powers of mind to relish what is well and perfectly done, let us remember who gave us such powers, and let us use our utmost endeavours to make His praise glorious, so that the perfection of the arrangements for our amusements may no longer shame the slovenliness of the arrangements for our worship.

Some hymns can be much better adapted to chants than to regular tunes. Try the well-known words, "Just as I am," to the chant by Handel and Parnell in the examples, and I think it will be found to suit much better than any of the tunes to which they are sung. The reason for this is that there is less restriction as to accent and more scope for developing the sentiments the verses contain, therefore the effect is more touching and agreeable. I would strongly enforce another requisite: let no words for our church music be abbreviated, whether in hymns or other compositions. Open any of our hymnals, and we find such expressions thickly scattered on their pages: *c'en*, *gav'st*, *o'er*, *th'* appointed, *'gainst*, *Cal'ry*, *heav'n*, *'tis*, and words ending in *ed* invariably clipped, except in rare instances. This colloquial English is not fit for the church; long ago the "torn, the maimed, and the lame" were forbidden sacrifices; why should we offer them now? A very irrelevant example of familiarity, although not exactly an abbreviation, I must quote:—

"Peace, doubting heart, my God's I am."

I may suggest that it would be a great improvement in the public reading of the Scriptures if each syllable were pronounced, as the words would roll through our churches with a much more dignified sound. Try the effect of—

"Bless'd are the undefil'd,"

and—

"Bless'd are the undefil'd."

I would say, still further, that the words to be sung should be of as few syllables as possible. Look at the Bible and its monosyllabic force: "And God said, Let there be light, and there was light." Why, it would require about twenty lines of a modern hymn to present that truth clearly to us.

I have dwelt long on the subject of the words we sing, because I cannot look forward to any real improvement in our church music until we possess a standard musical hymnal, free from vulgarity and every other offence against good taste, besides possessing those absolute requisites to which I have drawn the attention of my readers.

I must touch another point, and one I consider very important. When we find a tree sickly, its blossoms dropping off and its leaves withering, we begin to work at the root, and often discover that its young fibres have spread too far and struck on a cold uncongenial soil, and thus they produce blight and decay in the stem they should otherwise nourish. Sunday-schools are the young roots which feed our churches, and would we make the music of the church as it should be, we must begin by improving what is sung in our Sunday-schools. All that I have said in reference to the present status of hymns and tunes in the church, exists in a much worse condition in the school: an evil greatly aggravated by ship-loads of rubbish which are being transported from America to these shores; hymns in which sacred thoughts are bandied about in common-place language, to tunes which are profane from their vulgarity, and from their associations with banjos and blackened faces—in fact, not one degree removed from nigger melodies. Among these abominations I may mention one very popular air, called "Shall we gather at the river?" another even worse: "What shall I do to be saved?" To hear this, the most solemn question a mortal soul can breathe, shouted about by a body of careless children, without thought or feeling in the matter, is to me very terrible. I might go through a long list of these productions; but it would only annoy myself and my readers. I have referred to them in order to lift up my protest against such a desecration of children's voices. If the little ones are taught to read the language of the Bible, let them be taught fitting music in which to sing its sacred words. Let no one tell me children do not care for good music. My experience shows me a result far different.

But allowing that such an unfounded notion is true, is that any reason why the tastes of the young should be vitiated by studying the worst trash? Let them be taught only what is fitting and right, and, by their aptitude in learning it, they will soon show they are able to understand and enjoy it. Thus influencing the tastes of children, we may easily train a mighty choir to fill our land with good music, untainted by the comic vulgarities so much admired in our day. Such productions as I am deprecating serve to foster this bad taste, by lowering the tone of our religious services. I speak advisedly; everything in nature improves with labour and attention, but unrestrained by cultivation has a tendency to degenerate; so it is with the intellectual powers: raise them, and the ability to know what is true, and therefore beautiful, will increase and strengthen; lower them, and down they will go from bad to worse, till at last the taste to appreciate any good thing is completely

lost. That is why I object so strongly to children being taught bad music; what is false in every particular that constitutes good taste must irreparably stain the mind of a little child; therefore it is the duty of every one undertaking to train the young to try to elevate each faculty they possess; and if the teachers do not know how to do this, I would entreat them not to meddle with what they do not understand, for it is a crime to lower any of the intellectual qualities or powers of enjoyment possessed by those over whom they have any influence, and those who introduce and teach such hymns are guilty of this. In confirmation of these remarks read this story: "Sir Thomas Lawrence was once taken by a friend to see some paintings of a very promising young artist. Lawrence said many encouraging things to the young man, which he received with becoming modesty. As he was leaving, the youthful aspirant to fame said to Sir Thomas, 'You have been kind enough to praise what you have seen; would you give me some piece of advice which may help me in my pursuits for the future?' 'I do not know that I have anything to say, except this,' said Sir Thomas:

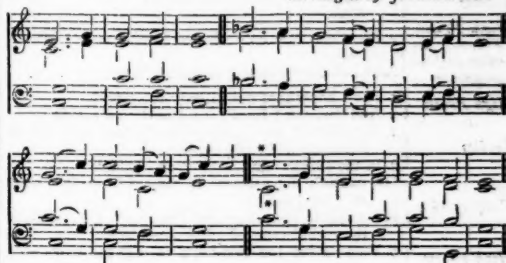
You have round your room two or three rough, clever, but coarse Flemish sketches. Were I you, as a young man desirous to rise in my profession, I would not allow my eye to become familiarised with any but the highest forms of art. If you cannot afford to buy good oil-paintings of the first class, buy good engravings of great pictures, or have nothing at all upon your walls. You allow, in intercourse with your fellows, that "evil communications corrupt good manners." So it is with pictures. If you allow your mind to become familiar with what in art is vulgar in conception, however free and dashing the handling, and however excellent the feeling for colour, your taste will become insensibly depraved; whereas, if you habituate your eye only to look on what is pure and grand, or refined and lovely, your taste will insensibly become elevated." I can apply these words with equal force to what I have written, as they adapt themselves even more strongly to music than the sister art.

In concluding these papers, I would say they have been published with a single wish to draw attention to, and help to improve, what is wrong in our church music. One word more. Some have gone so far as to say that as only one person preaches, so, from analogy, it is not necessary that all should sing. The cases are not parallel; three or four people expounding the Scriptures at one time would be too much for one building; but ten thousand can praise God at one time and in one place, and his command is, "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord." With such general orders, I would not dare to follow the example of a recent reverend author, who says the congregation should not join in the anthem; I would say, use no music in which the congregation cannot join. Why should any rejoicing spirit be told to "hush! for the choir only is allowed to praise God at this part of the service?" No, let every individual in every congregation do his best; the people had their duties as well as the priests and Levites in the Temple service, and why should they not bestir themselves and do their part now, and not leave the praise of God to a choir? Let the laity give their hearts and voices to make the service of the church something different from a mere Sunday concert. Think of the grandeur of the 135th Psalm sung by minister, choir, and congregation, as suggested in a previous paper! and, with the right will and the right heart, that and much more might be accomplished in every place of worship. Good words and good tunes, well directed, with earnest hearty singing, and no attempt at display, would soon do much to make music, "as it should be," sound from every congregation in our land.

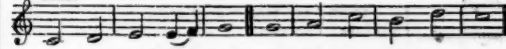
## MUSICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

## JEWISH CHANT TO PSALM XXIV.

Arranged by J. STIMPSON.



SOLO.



*Tutti* { The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof;   
 The world, and they that dwell there in.   
 For He hath founded it upon the seas,   
 And established it upon the floods.

*Solo* { Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?   
 Or who shall stand in His holy place?

*Decani* { He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;   
 Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

*Cantoris* { He shall receive the blessing from the Lord,   
 And righteousness from the God of his salvation.

*Solo* { This is the generation of them that seek Him,   
 That seek thy face, O Jacob.

*Tutti* { Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye   
 ever lasting doors;

*Solo* { And the King of glory shall come in.   
 Who is this King of glory?

*Tutti* { The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in   
 battle.

*Tutti* { Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye   
 And the King of glory shall come in.

*Solo* { Who is this King of glory?

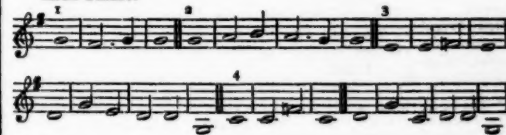
*Tutti* { The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glory.

(1) To be sung to the part of the chant marked \*.

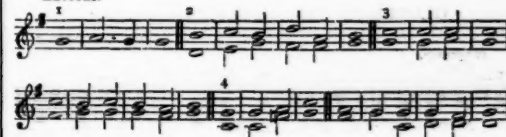
## PSALM CXXXV.

J. STIMPSON.

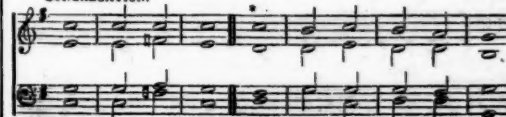
HIGH PRIEST.



LEVITES.



CONGREGATION.



*High Priest* { 1 Praise ye the Lord.   
 *Levites* { 2 Praise ye the name of the Lord;   
 *High Priest, Priests, and Levites* { 3 Praise Him,   
 O ye servants of the Lord.



- Congregation** { Ye that stand in the | house of the | Lord,  
In the | courts of the | house of our | God,  
**High Priest** 1 Praise the Lord ; for the | Lord is good :  
**Levites** 2 Sing praises unto His | name ; for it is | plea-  
sant.
- High Priest, Priests, Le-  
vites, & Con-  
gregation** 4 For the Lord hath chosen Jacob | unto : Him |  
self,  
And Israel for | His pe | culiar | treasure.
- High Priest** 1 For I know that the | Lord is | great,  
2 And that our | Lord is a | bove all | gods.
- Levites** 1 Whatsoever the Lord pleased, that did He in  
heaven, | and in | earth,  
2 In the | seas, and | all deep | places.  
He causeth the vapours to ascend from the | ends  
of the | earth :
- Congregation** He maketh lightnings for the rain : He bringeth  
the | wind | out of His | treasures.
- High Priest** 1 Who smote the first-born of Egypt, both of |  
man and | beast.
- Levites** 2 Who sent tokens and wonders into the |  
midst of | thee, O | Egypt,
- Congregation** Up | on | Pharaoh,  
And up | on | all his | servants.
- High Priest** 1 Who | smote great | nations,  
2 And | slew mighty | kings ;
- Levites** 1 Sihon king of the Amorites, and Og | king of |  
Bashan,  
2 And | all the | kingdoms of Canaan :  
And gave their | land for an | heritage,  
**Congregation** An heritage | unto | Israel His | people.
- High Priest** 1 Thy name, O Lord, endureth for ever ;  
2 And Thy memorial, O Lord, through | out all |  
generations.
- High Priest, Priests, Le-  
vites, & Con-  
gregation** 4 For the Lord will | judge His | people,  
And He will repent Him | self con | cerning His |  
servants.
- High Priest** 1 The idols of the heathen are | silver and | gold,  
2 The | work of | men's | hands.
- Levites** 1 They have mouths, | but they | speak not ;  
2 Eyes | have they, | but they | see not ;
- Congregation (Piano)** They have ears, | but they | hear not ;  
Neither is there any | breath in | their | mouths.
- High Priest, Priests, Le-  
vites, & Con-  
gregation (Forte)** 4 They that make them are | like un | to them :  
So is every | one that | trusteth in | them.
- High Priest** 1 Bless the Lord, O | house of | Israel :  
**Congregation** 2 Bless the | Lord, O | house of | Aaron :  
**High Priest** 1 Bless the Lord, O | house of | Levi :  
**Levites** 2 Ye that fear the | Lord, | bless the | Lord.
- High Priest, Priests, Le-  
vites, & Con-  
gregation** 4 Blessed be the Lord | out of | Zion,  
Which dwelleth at Jerusalem. | Praise | ye the |  
Lord.

\* The figures point out the part of the chant the verses to which they are affixed require: the one marked thus \*, for the congregation, is sung to the correspondingly marked portion of the chant.

## GLORIA OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

JAMES STIMPSON.

*Moderato.*  
DEC. CAN.

*f cres- cen- do. dim. a tempo.*

Glo-ry be to God on high, and in earth peace, good

will to men: We praise thee, we bless thee, we wor-ship thee: We give

DEC. CAN.

DEC.

thanks un-to thee for thy great glory: O Lord, Heavenly King, God the

CAN. DEC.

Father Al-migh-ty, Lord God, O Lord, the on-ly be-got-ten

Ped.

CAN. DEC. CAN.

Son, Je-sus Christ; Thou that takest a-way the sins of the world, Have

Ped.

DEC. CAN.

mer-cy up-on us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, Have

*mf*

*slow.* DEC.

mer-cy, mer-cy up-on us. Re-ceive our prayer. Thou that

*mf* *a tempo.*

3 DEC. 3 CAN. 3

sittest at the right hand of the Fa-ther. Have mer-cy, mer-cy up-

3 DEC. 3 CAN. 3

on us. For thou on-ly art ho-ly, Thou only art the Lord Je-sus

DEC. CAN. Tutti.

Christ. To the glo-ry of God the fa-ther. A-men. A-men. A-men.

\* The small notes are for organ only.

## THE OLD HUNDREDTH PSALM.

Harmonised by CLAUDE LE JEUNE,  
Leyden, ed. 1635.



YORK. C. M.



PSALM CXXXVI.

JAMES STIMPSON.

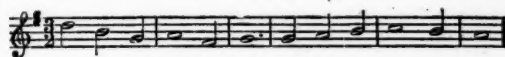


*Tutti* O give thanks unto the Lord ; for | He · is | good :  
For His | mercy · en | dureth · for | ever.  
O give thanks unto the | God · of | gods :  
For His | mercy · en | dureth · for | ever.  
O give thanks to the | Lord · of | lords :  
For His | mercy · en | dureth · for | ever.  
*Decani* To Him who alone | doeth · great | wonders :  
*Tutti* For His | mercy · en | dureth · for | ever.  
*Cantoris* To Him that by wisdom | made · the | heavens :  
*Tutti* For His | mercy · en | dureth · for | ever.  
*Decani* To Him that stretched out the earth a | bove · the |  
waters :  
*Tutti* For His | mercy · en | dureth · for | ever.

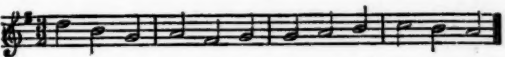
*Cantoris* To Him that | made · great | lights :  
*Tutti* For His | mercy · en | dureth · for | ever :  
*Decani* The sun to | rule · by | day :  
*Tutti* For His | mercy · en | dureth · for | ever :  
*Cantoris* The moon and stars to | rule · by | night :  
*Tutti* For His | mercy · en | dureth · for | ever.  
*Decani* To Him that smote Egypt | in · their | firstborn :  
*Tutti* For His | mercy · en | dureth · for | ever.  
*Cantoris* And brought out Israel from · a | mong them :  
*Tutti* For His | mercy · en | dureth · for | ever.  
*Decani* With a strong hand, and with a | stretched · out | arm :  
*Tutti* For His | mercy · en | dureth · for | ever.  
*Cantoris* To Him which divided the Red Sea | into | parts :  
*Tutti* For His | mercy · en | dureth · for | ever :  
*Decani* And made Israel to pass through the | midst · of | it :  
*Tutti* For His | mercy · en | dureth · for | ever.  
*Cantoris* But overthrew Pharaoh and his host | in the · Red | Sea :  
*Tutti* For His | mercy · en | dureth · for | ever.  
*Decani* To Him which led His people | through · the | wilderness :  
*Tutti* For His | mercy · en | dureth · for | ever.  
*Cantoris* To Him which | smote · great | kings :  
*Tutti* For His | mercy · en | dureth · for | ever :  
*Decani* And slew | fa · mous | kings :  
*Tutti* For His | mercy · en | dureth · for | ever :  
*Cantoris* Sihon | king of · the | Amorites :  
*Tutti* For His | mercy · en | dureth · for | ever :  
*Decani* And Og the | king · of | Bashan :  
*Tutti* For His | mercy · en | dureth · for | ever :  
*Cantoris* And gave their | land for · an | heritage :  
*Tutti* For His | mercy · en | dureth · for | ever :  
*Decani* Even an heritage unto | Israel · His | servant :  
*Tutti* For His | mercy · en | dureth · for | ever.  
*Cantoris* Who remembered us in our | low · es | tate :  
*Tutti* For His | mercy · en | dureth · for | ever :  
*Decani* And hath redeemed us | from · our | enemies :  
*Tutti* For His | mercy · en | dureth · for | ever.  
*Cantoris* Who giveth | food to · all | flesh :  
*Tutti* For His | mercy · en | dureth · for | ever.  
*Tutti* { O give thanks unto the | God · of | heaven :  
For His | mercy · en | dureth · for | ever.

\* The melody to be sung in unison.

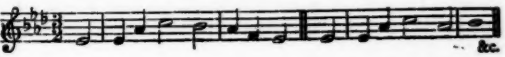
The first two phrases of "Moscow," as printed in many publications.



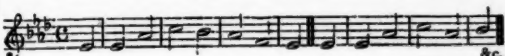
"Moscow," as it should be written.



"EVAN," as given by DR. LOWELL MASON.



"EVAN," as written by the Author, REV. W. HAVERGALL.



## THE DANCES OF ENGLAND.\*

## AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

WE have only to peruse the works of the immortal Shakespeare, to be convinced that dancing was one of the chief amusements of merry old England. The quantity of dances adapted from France, Italy, and Spain, and not less the great number of peculiar and special English dances, which we find mentioned by Shakespeare and his

\* Compare with it: Albert Czerwinski, "Geschichte der Tanzkunst." Leipzig, 1862.

contemporaries, are quite astonishing. It appears that great care and attention was bestowed on the proper execution of some of the most complicated dances, and the fact that the dance was indispensable at any of the national festivities, clearly proves that the citizens of old England were right fond of it. It may, therefore, not be uninteresting to mention the most important and celebrated English dances.

From times immemorial, the May-festival was, as in Sweden and other northern countries, the chief and principal feast of England. The origin of this charming festival was simply to show the sincere gratitude and joy at welcoming, after the dreary and melancholy winter, the lovely and sunny spring. Mutual greetings and congratulations were exchanged, and every class of society, rich and poor, high and low, joined in the universal rejoicings. It was under Edward III. that the Morris dance (Moriska; see our last number) was introduced into England from Spain, and was after some time regularly adapted for the May festival. This dance, in which many persons, all representing distinct figures, took part, was performed round the May-tree or pole; the latter was erected on a large lawn. The leader of it was the *Clown*, dressed in a cap with a yellow and red border, blue jacket, red trousers, and black shoes. The clown imitated the barking of dogs, and tried to produce merriment by all possible comic jumps and gesticulations. He was followed by the maiden "Mariana," the May-Queen, for which distinguished and honourable post the best-behaved, most modest, and best-looking girl was selected. It was a much-coveted honour to represent the Queen of the May, as such representation guaranteed the possession of a rare combination of excellent qualities. This important personage wore a golden crown, under which the hair fell in its natural beauty, its upper part only held by a net, richly embroidered in gold and tied by yellow, white, and scarlet ribbons. A bodice of the finest scarlet cloth, laced with yellow string, encircled her waist; the upper dress, of flesh-coloured silk, with wide sleeves and trimmed with gold fringe, went only to the knee; the under-skirt, of sky-blue silk, completing a highly picturesque costume. In her left hand the May-Queen held a pink, being the symbol of the season. The lady had as a companion a jolly monk, with well-shaved face, red cheeks, big neck, and plump figure; he was dressed in a dark red capoch, which was fastened with a belt adorned by a golden tassel. Friar Tuck wore red stockings and shoes, and suspended from his belt hung a leather pouch, containing all the dainties, offered to him by the merry company. It is needless to say that Friar Tuck was the confessor of Robin Hood, the hero of Sherwood. After this clerical personage came the suitor or chamberlain of the May-Queen, a rather fanciful personage, dressed in white and blue, and wearing long hair. And now came that part of the procession which, next to the clown, caused the greatest amusement—the "hobby-horse!" The colour of this plucky and spirited animal was mostly reddish-white, and its cover of scarlet cloth almost touched the ground, so that the legs of the rider could not be seen; the bit was of gold, and the bridle of red morocco. The horseman was dressed in a gorgeous red mantle, richly embroidered in gold; a cap of the same royal colour, to which was fastened an ostrich feather in scarlet-red. The unmanageable horse jumped from one side to the other, pranced and reared, galloped or trotted, kicked—in short, it did everything to cause excitement, amusement, and glee; one favourite freak consisting in the attempt of the horse to throw off its rider, and thus pretending to bring him into a dangerous position. By some ingenious con-

trivance, a dagger seemed to stick fast in each cheek; and, to render this conspicuous personage still more interesting, an immense silver spoon was attached to the bridle, that was held out at times to collect silver coin, which was readily granted by the mirthful and good-natured mass.

The hobby-horse was followed by a farmer in his usual dress, accompanied by the squire, dressed in a similar costume, but of finer materials. And now came Tom the Piper, generally personified by a wandering musician, who was dressed in a blue jacket and sleeves with yellow cuffs; over his jacket hung a short red mantle, with arm-holes, and a yellow collar. Tom's costume was completed by a red cap with yellow stripes, and brown trousers. When Tom could boast of a silver-coloured shield and a sword, he was recognised as belonging to the guild of the minstrels, and consequently being of a higher rank, he enjoyed much greater honours and respect.

A Fleming or a Spaniard, and a Morisko or Moor, also dressed in fanciful and odd costumes, followed the piper; their dress having as an indispensable attribute long hanging sleeves. At last the procession was closed by the jester (joculator regis) or fool; such as they held appointments in Shakespeare's time, and even later, at the court and in the highest families. The jester, bat in hand, wore a blue fool's-cap, on the top of which were sewn two big yellow donkey's ears. His jacket was red, with yellow embroidery; his trousers again had two colours, namely, the left leg yellow, and red shoe, the right leg blue, with a yellow shoe. When all these persons had been assembled near the May-pole the real dance began; it was merely dancing and jumping round the pole; the pole was painted black and yellow, with little flags and pennons, and bore the inscription: "A merry May." Little bells, attached to the dancers' dresses, were an indispensable attribute.

Besides the Moriska, the "Courante" (Shakespeare's Corrent), originally a French dance, was a great favourite in England; also the Italian dance "Volta," which, according to some descriptions, must have had a certain similarity with the German "Walzer." Queen Elizabeth was very fond of dancing the "Passa Mezzo," and the "Brawl" (Branle), with which every ball was opened. Her Majesty patronised also the "Pavin" (Pavane), which was danced at every court festivity. When speaking of Spanish dances, we mentioned that the Pavane was performed in Spain with a certain earnestness and grandezza. If we judge from pictures, on which the gentlemen appear in long mantles coming down to their very heels, and long swords, we might imagine that with such impediments the dancing of the Pavane cannot have been very lively in England also. A genuine English dance was the "Measure;" its character was stately, and expressive of great reserve. The Measure dance was greatly patronised by the higher classes, and the ministers of State (rumour says even Lord Bacon) did not think it disreputable or beneath their dignity to join in it. Most probably the name has been given for its precise and rhythmical step and accurate time, which imparted a certain gravity and earnestness to its expression. Beatrice, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, calls it "full of state and ancestry." Another English dance was the "Trenchmore," a kind of long country dance to be performed by the entire company, and for which the whole room, from end to end, was used.

The "Bergomask" dance (see Act V. of Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*) was an imitation of the peasants' dance in Bergamo. The Bergamese are noted for their simplicity of mind, and therefore the character of



the dance is rather grotesque and devoid of gracefulness than elegant and light. The only genuine English dance which was for a length of time in fashion was the "Cushion Dance," or "Joan Sanderson." Originally it was danced at wedding festivities. It was performed in the following manner:—All the dancing pairs formed a large circle, and one of the dancers (either a lady or gentleman), who had under his arm a large cushion, mostly of red velvet, danced round in the room, and finally stopped before the musicians and sang—

"The dance cannot now proceed ;"

to which the musician responds—

"I pray you, sir, why so you say?"

whereupon the dancer replies—

"Joan Sanderson and (name of the respective dancer) will not come with me."

The musician—

"She *must* go, and she *will* go,  
And she must, whether she will or not."

The desired lady steps now in the centre of the circle, the gentleman laying, in the most elegant and pleasing manner, the cushion on the ground; the lady kneels down on it, the gentleman kisses her, and sings—

"Joan Sanderson, I greet thee, be thou welcome ;"

after which the lady takes the cushion under her arm, joins her partner in the dance round the room, and sings—

"Prinkum, prankum, it's a beautiful dance ;  
Let us dance it once more,  
Once more, and again once more,  
Let us dance it once more."

After this the couple stops, and the lady turns towards a gentleman, and continues the dance in the same manner, only varying the words, as does also the musician; now all three persons dance, and the last-elected gentleman continues again with another lady, and so on, until almost the whole company finds itself within the circle. In a similar manner the company leaves again; the words of the song being altered from "Joan Sanderson will not come with me," into "will not leave me;" and from "Be thou welcome," into "Fare thee well," &c. &c. In leaving, the lady was kissed by the gentleman, and *vice versa*. In a very quaint old book, "The Dancing-master" (London, 1716), we find a description of a great number of single and company dances, to which are added 560 tunes, with complete directions as to the execution of the figures, &c. &c. Some of these dances have very curious names, for example: "Cupid's Garden," "Excuse me," "Green Sleeves," "Pudding Pies," "Mr. Eaglefield's New Hornpipe," "The Merry Milkmaids," "The Devil's Dream," "The Quaker's Dance," &c. &c.

The "Anglaise" dates from a later period, and was in high favour both in Germany and France, as well as in England. The Anglaise was danced by the whole company in the form of a column, and resembled in some features the "Ecosaise." The time was in 2-4, but also sometimes in 3-8, which measures changed repeatedly during the dance. The "Hornpipe," or "Sailor's Dance," is, notwithstanding its apparent ease and negligence, a very complicated and difficult dance. Among other favourite English dances are to be reckoned "Sir Roger de Coverley," "The Lancers," &c. &c.

E. PAUER.

## HECTOR BERLIOZ.

(TRANSLATED FROM "BUNTE BLÄTTER," BY A. W. AMBROS.)

WHEN the papers brought the news of the death of Hector Berlioz, in Paris, we felt that with this remarkable artiste one more composer of the Mendelssohn-Schumann period had gone to rest. For the masters whom I have just named as representatives of the post-Beethoven period, Berlioz, it is true, was more of a contemporary than a fellow-artiste. He took a totally different direction, and Mendelssohn's idiosyncrasy was completely opposed to Berlioz's music; Schumann, on the other hand, who at first took the part of the fantastic composer with warmth and poetical enthusiasm, cooled down altogether in the course of time—instead of agreeing, as he had done at first, he now totally disagreed with him; although Schumann never publicly gave expression to his change of opinion. "Time makes more severe," he once wrote to me on this subject; "in Berlioz's recent works things occur of which a man of forty ought not to be guilty." Schumann at first thought to see in Berlioz one of the pioneers of poetic freedom in music, a young fire-eater, who in the course of years would grow clear and collected. Schumann himself fought for this freedom of thought, in the name of the so-called new romantic school, with words and music, as critic and composer, to the bitter vexation of all the correct, narrow-minded music Philistines, who, at that time, would have been ready to clip and destroy the eagle wings of Beethoven. Finck's *Allgemeine Musik Zeitung*, the official organ of the sober old conservative party, for this reason, often enough shrugged its shoulders about the student-like doings of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musiker*. In a style more brilliant and intelligent than any of the then living Leipzig "Ludimagisters" could command, Fétis wrote, at that time, the well-known article on Berlioz; but, doubtless, the wind that caused this storm blew from the same quarter. It was just this critique which furnished Schumann with the material for his brilliant, poetical, and spirited article on Berlioz, which was afterwards (with omission of a few details) inserted in the collection of Schumann's works. That Schumann was able to appreciate the original of the "Symphonie Fantastique," the greatest power of which lies in the really wonderful orchestration, by only seeing a transcription for the pianoforte, by Liszt (more he did not have before him at that time), will always remain marvellous. Lobe, who is also now covered by the cooling snow of age, appeared in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musiker*, with an epistle on Berlioz, about the overture to the *Francs-juges*. It sounds still more enthusiastic than Schumann's brilliant special pleading, since, with all his inspired elevation of mind, Schumann had left discretion enough to use some strong expressions, such as—"There occur passages in the symphony which as little can ever be called fine, as anybody could fancy to call a hunchback or a madman an Apollo or Kant, as regards intellect or beauty;" and then again—"Without the score (Schumann spoke, as mentioned above, of Liszt's transcription) one can only call the last pages of the symphony bad." Schumann was also sufficiently free and unprejudiced to let violent opponents of Berlioz's muse (or Mænad) like Wilhelm von Waldbrühl express their opinions. Wilhelm von Waldbrühl wrote, under the *nom de plume* of Dorf-küster's Gottschalk Wedel, biting satires against Berlioz in letters and other forms, but found fault only with the boldness and lawlessness of the composition, as illustrated by numberless points in the score; the principal point of the thing he overlooked just like all the other enemies and friends of the composer. At that time it was an æsthetic article of faith that music had just the same aim,

even governed exactly the same field, as poetry, all the difference being that one was expressed in tones, the other in words—a dominant fundamental error which, as it appears to me, became one of the principal reasons why Dr. Hanslick published his intellectual lecture on “*Das Musikalisch-Schöne*” (The Beautiful in Music), which brought him excited opponents by the dozen, but also led to the consequence, which is to be acknowledged most gratefully, that it startled the poet-musicians, made them collect their thoughts, and think a little more seriously about the difference between poetry and music than they had done hitherto. In Schumann’s periodical the tone in which Berlioz was spoken of became, by degrees, more discreet, more and more reserved. The visit of Berlioz to Leipzig (1843) appears to have completed the change. I am almost inclined to believe that Schumann would now willingly have destroyed and annihilated his former articles. That Mendelssohn, the fine, correct musician, whose compositions are cut crystal vases with golden frames, at this visit received the *guest* Berlioz with heartiness, furthering all his wishes, in a way which Berlioz himself praises in his letters; but, on the other hand, that before the *musician* Berlioz he is likely to have made the sign of the cross as before the archfiend, everybody who knew Mendelssohn will readily believe. In his letters Berlioz does not speak well of the spirit of the musical world at Leipzig, and his remarks were likely to hurt all the more, since he introduced the most cutting things in the form of postscripts—queries with pointed irony (that resembled prussic acid made of bitter almonds). About J. S. Bach he spoke in the ominous Leipzig Letter with scarcely disguised contemptuous derision (“Of criticism nobody thinks: Bach is Bach, just as God is God”); and about Clara Wieck’s talent he only expresses himself in an equivocal, uncertain manner. Leipzig must have been to him and his music a nail in the coffin. The doors of the Gewandhaus remained closed to him, and the Euterpe, with its amateur orchestra, could not go beyond the overtures to *Waverley*, *Francis-juges*, and *King Lear*. Schumann, who himself had worked so brilliantly his way to ripe mastership, found the hopes which he had placed on Berlioz totally deluded—of an improvement or development not a vestige was to be found, and nothing further could be expected. Meanwhile, Berlioz had found an enthusiastic apostle in Brunswick—Wolfgang Robert Griepenkerl, or also, as he called himself, like a crowned head, Wolfgang Griepenkerl II., to make a difference between Wolfgang Griepenkerl I., or the elder, who was in musical things a “Herbastein,” as the younger Griepenkerl was a follower of Hegel. For this reason they might have performed, on the field of musical æsthetics, the combat between father and son, Hildebrandt and Hadubrandt, of whom the old German legend speaks. Griepenkerl II., the Hegelian, wrote a short pamphlet, “*Ritter Berlioz in Braunschweig*,” in which he goes with “*Geist und Feuer-schritten*” (Steps of fire and spirit) into the field for the composer, whom he placed at the side of Beethoven. The Leipzig people he hit rather hard, saying that in other respects they were good musicians, and, “like Prince Hamlet, when the wind blew from certain quarters, knew a hawk from a hand-saw.” That was, again, an expression not much calculated to put himself or Berlioz in favour with the gods of the winds “which blew from certain quarters.”

The passionate attacks on Berlioz became more numerous. One saw critiques in print like—“Berlioz requires from his orchestra quite peculiar howling, scratching, rattling tones;” he was a monster, or better, a fool. As a matter of course the attention of everybody was drawn to the composer, whose name was constantly heard in the

ill-natured, noisy tumult of the paper war. It was before 1848, and people had still time to express differences of opinion about a composer. At the same time, people had the most absurd ideas about the appearance of Berlioz; they imagined for him—whose face, sharply cut but really noble, from mental work almost chalk-like and ashy-looking, was enlivened by most lovely blue eyes, such as I have never seen before—a picture which might have done for an ogre. The music-seller Johann Hofmann, at Prague, exhibited in his shop a plaster of Paris impression of the well-known bust of Caracalla from the Capitoline Museum. If visitors pointed out this tiger-like face, distorted in demoniacal fury, and asked, shuddering, whom it represented, the waggish Hofmann used to say, as coolly as possible, “It is the portrait of the famous Berlioz.” People used to believe it all the more readily, since at the side of it there stood a bust of C. M. von Weber, and thought it quite natural that a composer who, in his “*Marche de Supplice*,” lets the key of G minor burst upon D flat major without heeding the rules of thorough-bass or musical decorum, should have the appearance of a Roman Cæsar, who killed his own brother whilst in the arms of his own mother. About one thing all seemed to be, at last, of one mind: that a man for and against whom enthusiasm could say such a great deal would, at all events, be somebody. Berlioz, with his music, shook his time like a volcanic eruption, of which one also does not know, as long as the mountain thunders and burns, whether, with its streaming lava and shower of hot ashes, it will change wide and fertile lands for centuries into deserts, or whether, on the soon decayed refuse, new grapes will give noble wine. But the whole concussion passed almost without leaving any trace. That Berlioz would and could not found a school of “Berliozians,” on this point his warmest admirers could not be in doubt. A school implies discipline under rules, and there can be no schooling where there is absolute licentiousness, which knows no law but the one—that it will not be bound and fettered by *any law*. But Berlioz never has made his way to the heart of the general public, notwithstanding his enthusiastic friends, notwithstanding laurel wreaths, goblets, bâtons, and music-desks, which had been presented to him, notwithstanding that the new “German school” took his part and counted him *invitum atque nolentem*, as amongst their own. His works, though they obtained for a time great success, lasted nowhere. The reason of this does not lie in the difficulty of execution—our orchestras have learned to master greater difficulties; not in the trace of spiritual aristocratism in Berlioz—even Bach and Beethoven have become popular; not in the unintelligibility of the works—Berlioz could not do enough to be clear, and places in the hand of his auditor extensive programmes, which teach him almost bar for bar what he is to think of this music and what not. It lies in the irregularities of the works, the forcible transgression of the ever-immovable boundary of the beautiful and true, the repulsive passages, which cannot be balanced by the beautiful parts that may stand close to them. Berlioz knew of no other regulator for his music but poetical intention, and poetical intentions of the widest description, for which he took the material from Shakespeare, Goethe, and others. His music puffs itself out to appear as great as a *Lear*, a *Faust*—the old warning in *Æsop*’s fable does not frighten him; at last the inevitable happens—it bursts. The art of music, which finds itself in its innermost field, the symphony, restrained most cruelly in the name of poetry, takes revenge on its tyrant, and seems to call to him, “Be poetical as much as you like, but *musical* you shall not be.” What a strange colossus arises if Berlioz intends to reproduce Shakespeare’s *Romeo and*



*Juliet* only by musical means, without giving up the recognised form of the symphony with four movements, adagio, scherzo, &c. ! He helps himself by having prologues sung, using entr'actes, and entr'actes between the entr'actes, and finally he must, for all that, take to the form of the opera, the musical drama. In the first *preludium*, or overture-like movement, Prince Escalus, of Verona, holds his admonition to reprove the Montagues and Capulets, as they are about to press upon one another with swords uplifted ; he speaks only symphonically, through the brazen mouth of the trombones and the ophicleides, in a recitative-like movement of these instruments (which might just as well mean something else than the prince scolding the two parties). Whilst in the final movement Friar Laurence opens his mouth in reality, to preach, as *basso cantante*, a moral to the chorus, in view of the dead bodies of the lovers ; and the chorus, for its part, finishes the work by singing a solemn oath, which might just as well stand in *William Tell* or *The Huguenots*.

In the *Damnation de Faust* Berlioz gets, finally, almost against his will, to the form of the oratorio, or, if preferred, the opera, and saves his conscience, as symphony composer, by some musical *hors-d'œuvres* (this word to be taken as meaning an improper interpolation in a work of art, or an introduced dish at a dinner), by instrumental movements like the Elfín Dance and others, which force themselves in between in an unbecoming manner, like the "Queen Mab" scherzo in the *Romeo* symphony. Berlioz has also written a real oratorio, *L'Enfance du Christ*. He had the boldness (I will use the mildest expression) to represent it to the public as the composition of an Italian master of the beginning of the seventeenth century. For this purpose he wrote, in the introductory fugue for instruments, the cadences without leading tone ; this, by-the-by, gives a nice proof of how much, or rather how little, Berlioz knew of old music. Michael Angelo is said (by an unknown authority) to have secretly buried one of his statues, to have it admired as an antiquity, when it should be found seemingly by accident, and is supposed to have succeeded in deceiving people. But in the genuineness of the fugue with the cadences without leading note, nobody believed. Berlioz hated, in reality, all old music, and had no idea of it, although he fancied he had written some of the movements of his Requiem in the real Palestrina style. But what could Palestrina, the master, who, far above this common globe and its wild passions, soared towards the purest light of heaven—what could he have in common with Berlioz, whose art was unbridled passion become sovereign ? To let free the whole storm of passion is, notwithstanding the dramatic material, which is only a pretext taken by the master, in reality the principal purpose of Berlioz's orchestral music. Berlioz, in this respect, resembles an amateur who, by bribing the keeper of a menagerie, is allowed to stop with the animals when the public is not admitted—he teases the lions and tigers, without any other purpose, simply because it is such a splendid sight when these mighty beasts get up howling, show their teeth, and with their tails lash their flanks. How different is Beethoven ! He, too, knew how to let the thunderstorms of passion rage ; but above the wild tumult for him there stand immovable the eternal stars, the eternal sun !

Of the moral nobility of Beethoven's music not a trace is to be found in Berlioz. And so, in his fashion, he appreciates with admiration and enthusiasm Beethoven—that is to say, he does not understand him. What captivates him is the boldness, the originality, the tremendous expressions of the troubles and battles of a great

human heart : of the Katharsis, the moral elevation to which Beethoven works his way, as the last result of these battles, Berlioz seems to notice nothing whatever. How, for instance, does he understand Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony ?" This incomparable tone-poem, which paints the dear, well-known, intimate impressions of the landscape of the cliffs of the Kahlenberg, where Beethoven lived at that time, with a truth, even entering into details which one would not think possible to be attained by the means of music, which begins (as I have endeavoured somewhere else to show\*) with the joyous breathing of the newly-awakened spring on the level, rejoicing earth, which leads, by degrees and steadily, to eternal heights, to the highest thoughts which men can form, Berlioz (read his collected works) takes to be only a gigantic, Michael Angelo-like (!) landscape-painting. This thunderstorm is no ordinary storm, as one may witness it in July between Nussdorf, Grinzing, and Heiligenstadt—it is the last judgment, destruction of the world, &c. If it was thus, the "Pastoral Symphony" would be a failure—a farce. But Berlioz is satisfied if he only hears the thunder—why ? we must not ask ; sufficient it is, if it only thunders and crashes majestically. His admiration for Shakespeare (which must be counted doubly high for him, as a Frenchman) has at bottom the same features. He admires, before all, the bold, often brusque originality of the famous Briton ; the powerful moving of passion in his pieces ; the pithy, picturesque way of expression. This he reproduces, where he comes near the great English poet, in the *Lear* overture and the *Romeo* symphony. He scarcely feels that beyond it something higher lives. One need only see how he arranges Goethe's *Faust*.

For this reason Berlioz most touches our sympathy where we can believe in the inner truth of his passionate musical explosions. In his "Symphonie Phantastique" he sings the history of his own first love. It is the most touching and also, relatively speaking, the most popular of his works. The horrible tale with the opium visions, in dreams, of the execution, the witches' festival, remind one of the worst things in Victor Hugo and Sue ; and yet we feel touched—we feel that the composer has written this work with his heart's blood. That he finishes it with the devil and his grandmother, the loved one as a witch who haunts the Blocksberg, and the "Dies iræ" as a parody, is, after all, too uncouth and monstrous—it is, at all events, not a harmonic solution of the preceding conflicts. We may, perhaps, pardon the demon-like orgies of the last movement, on account of the music which the preceding movement, the "Scène Champêtre," brings. Such music ! Since Beethoven nobody has found similar ideas for a similar object. The "Harold Symphony," in which really a breath of Italy is stirring, Berlioz finishes again with an orgie—this time they are brigands. To conclude and finish like Beethoven he does not at all understand. Faust, too, must go to hell, notwithstanding Goethe's general pardon. "It is more effective." A single Satan makes ten times the noise of all the nine choruses of the angels taken together—this Berlioz knows. To this characteristic trait of Berlioz's music it is owing that it never reaches the highest heights in art, often as it may raise its wings in the attempt to soar there. We are not even grateful for its mighty flight, if it takes pleasure to leave us, after carrying us through thunder-clouds, over rainbow bridges, over heights and depths, through nights and reddening morning dawn, after it has touched and excited us to the innermost core, if it leaves and discharges us finally with an unresolved dissonance, with numbers which

\* In my small work, "Die Grenzen der Musik und Poesie." Leipzig : H. Matthes, 1856. Page 166, &c.

will not add up; we forget even, ungratefully enough, that there have been moments now and then in which we were delighted and charmed. But even in this charm there is again something of the excitement of the haschish dream. All honour to Mozart and Haydn, both of whom Berlioz never much relished.

One may say of Berlioz what Kiesewetter said of Bach: "He commenced and concluded his own epoch." If there was no other merit in his music, this one it possesses, that it stands alone in its kind. Admirers Berlioz has found many, but no imitators. He remains in the history of music, and particularly of the music of those years in which he wrote and worked in the bloom of his life, a fiery meteor, which moves flaming in irregular motion on the night sky, and which we look at with astonishment.

### THE WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

THE 149th Festival of the Three Choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester (so called by a figure of speech) was inaugurated on Tuesday, September 10th, at Worcester, by a performance of the *Elijah*, the real music of the Three Choirs being shelved into the comparatively obscure early morning services; but as this is a question for the cathedral authorities to amend, if amendment be needed, we will pass on to the actual performance of the oratorio music. The growing favour shown to this composition of Mendelssohn, seems to indicate that at no very distant period the *Elijah* will take rank in the English mind with the *Messiah*; and the grand "Passions-Musik" of the old Leipzig Cantor is slowly but surely winning its way to acceptance. With praiseworthy punctuality, the opening recitative of the Prophet was sung by Mr. Santley. The tenor music set down for Mr. Rigby was taken instead by Mr. Lloyd, a change not much to be regretted; but in the second part the music allotted to Mr. Sims Reeves was, owing to his non-appearance, taken by Mr. Rigby, for which more regret would probably be felt. The singing of Miss Alice Fairman, as a comparatively new *débutante*, deserves a word of encouragement.

The entry of Mdle. Tietjens in the second part, with her superb delivery of the superb "Hear ye, Israel," seemed to put fresh spirit into the performance. Mdme. Patey was, as usual, very conscientious and reverent in her rendering of "O rest in the Lord," which is so exactly suited to her style, accompanied in his usual finished manner by Mr. Radcliffe on the flute. "Lift thine eyes," and the quartett and chorus, "Holy, holy," in which Tietjens' voice rang out with fine effect above the chorus, were notable numbers. The choruses in this part were given with much more spirit than in the first; and it deserves mention, as showing a greater appreciation of the reverence due to sacred themes, performed in a sacred building, that there was no movement of departure until the last chorus was ended. In the evening there was a miscellaneous concert, for which we think some one work might, in the present stage of our musical education, be substituted with no pecuniary loss, and with great artistic gain. Part I. consisted of a selection from Mozart, mainly from the *Idomeneo*, first given at Munich in 1781, the well-known and beautiful "L'addio" and the "Dalla sua pace," from *Don Giovanni*. It reads oddly now, that this immortal work of Mozart should have been for the time superseded at Vienna by the *Axur* of Salieri, and still more strange that *Figaro* (an excerpt from which also found a place in the selection) should have been actually hissed on its

first performance. The G minor symphony, admirably performed, seemed to be a little *caviare* to the majority, though decidedly to the select few the greatest treat of the concert. Auber's overture to *Masaniello*, as being more sparkling and easily understandable of the people, met with an encore, a compliment thoroughly well earned by the style of performance. A graceful canzone of Bevilani's, sung by Mdle. Tietjens; a well-written ballad, "Once again," by Sullivan, exquisitely sung by Mr. Lloyd; the lively duetto, "Pronto io son;" a little-known and graceful trio from *Maritana*, by Wallace, "The Roving Irishman;" a song of Bishop's, "O firm as oak," of which Mr. Thomas seems especially fond, but in which opinion we do not share; and Purcell's grand air and chorus, "Come if you dare," from *King Arthur*, made up a very attractive programme, *exceptis excipiendis*.

On Wednesday morning a selection from *Samson* and Hummel's *Messe Solennelle*, No. 2, in E flat, formed the first part. The overture to *Samson*, with its well-known and graceful minuet, was thoroughly well played, the marks of repetition being, however, disregarded. The choruses in this were given with much spirit and readiness of attack.

Hummel's *Messe Solennelle*, a smooth and well-written mass, was finely performed. Perhaps from a limited acquaintance with the dead languages, there seemed a little hesitation as to the parts at which it would be proper to stand; but at any rate, in this matter-of-fact age, the attitude of worship, when the words scarcely called for it, was a fault on the right side. Though for the most part the original key, or its closely-allied keys, is adhered to throughout, there is no heaviness of treatment, and it is far more solid in character than many more familiar masses. The fine and expressive modulation in the "Miserere" produced a great effect. What Hummel's idea was in following the first entry of the "Sanctus" with the roll of the drum we cannot imagine; the effect is weird in the extreme. One feels inclined to ask with the Frenchman, of Beethoven's sonatas, "Drum, what do you mean?" A little unsteadiness in the "Hosanna" of the "Benedictus," written by way of contrast in the key of G major, was the only slip which marred its performance, if we except a somewhat mixed pronunciation of the Latin words. The *Creation* occupied the second part, at least the first two parts of the work, and as it is so familiar to all our readers the mere record of its performance must suffice.

An apology was made in the evening for Mdle. Tietjens' non-appearance; in her place Mdme. Sherrington kindly undertook to sing her songs, in addition to her own, a promise which, with one omission only, was faithfully kept; and the soprano solos in *L'Allegro ed il Penseroso* are no light work. She won golden opinions by her good-nature no less than by the exquisite way in which she sang. Perhaps Mr. Thomas's delivery of "Laughter holding both its sides" might have seemed a little forced. In "Sweet Bird," an elaborate *tour de force* was a feature, and Mr. Radcliffe ably followed with his flute the florid *florituri* in which the singer's flexible voice revelled. A lesson in aspiration in the last number would have been by no means *de trop* as far as the chorus are concerned. Haydn's symphony, No. 3 ("La Surprise") was warmly welcomed as an old friend, and admirably played. Mdme. Patey's "Sweet and low;" Mr. Lloyd's serenade, "When the moon is brightly shining," a most refined performance; and Mr. Santley's "Sulla Poppa," sung with immense vigour, were all noteworthy items. To say the truth, we are getting a little *blasé* of "Hullah's" Storm, especially when accompanied as on this occasion. Mendelssohn's Grand March in honour of the great German painter

"Cornelius" was a fitting conclusion, though not much appreciated by the public.

Thursday morning was devoted to Bach's "Passion Music," first performed at these festivals at Gloucester last year. We must forego any remarks on Mr. Macfarren's able preface, though some of his arguments, we think, are not unanswerable as to the fitness of a sacred building for the performance of oratorios and other sacred music. In some respects it was an improvement on the performance last year; there was greater smoothness in the choruses, there was no "hitch" as to the "numbers" to be performed, and other little accidents inseparable from a first performance; *en revanche* the substitution of an harmonium for the piano was, we venture to think, a great mistake; the contrast between this and the organ and orchestra was diminished, and the effect of a chord ending abruptly on the harmonium was most monotonous—as bad, in its way, as the ugly practice of accompanying recitative with chords on the violoncello. The effect of Mr. Lloyd's admirable singing was thus, to our minds, much marred, *non sūd culpa*, however. The work is far too long to be reviewed in detail: we must content ourselves with noticing some of the most salient points. The choruses, "Not on the feast day," "Lord, is it I?" in the first part, were admirably given, and the chorales throughout were most carefully and accurately rendered. The thorough appreciation of the penitent St. Peter shown in Mr. Lloyd's delivery of the passage which tells of his weeping bitterly, was as artistic as ever. Mr. Sainton's "violin obbligato" was a great success in "Have mercy upon me, O Lord." All the principal singers, Mmes. Sherrington and Patey, and Mr. Santley, exerted themselves to the utmost. In a word, the success of the Leipzig Cantor was immense, crowds having been attracted from a great distance, perhaps from curiosity, and all going away very much impressed with the grandeur of his work. Thus "the whirligig of time brings round its revenges." Unknown, or at any rate unappreciated in his lifetime, out of his own country, he is gradually but certainly taking his proper place as one of the greatest geniuses the world has ever seen. Who that has ever heard it can forget the awful cry of "Barabbas," or the dramatic vigour of "Have lightnings and clouds," or the soothing chorus with which it ends?

Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang" formed the second part; and, as our space has limits, here we must confine our notice of the "Hymn of Praise" to the remark that it was, in our opinion, a mistake to have produced it at all on this morning, as the "Passion Music" required much thought, being as yet comparatively unfamiliar to the majority.

Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens* we were glad to hail at an evening concert as a step in the right direction—viz., the production of a continuous work instead of the mixed multitude of songs which are the usual *pabulum* on these occasions. The numbers which seemed to be most appreciated were the quaint Dervish chorus, the "Turkish" march, both so true to the life, and the last chorus, "Hail, mighty master," in which the effect of the week's work began to show itself in the high notes. The rest of the programme calls for no remark, with the exception of Rossini's ever-fresh overture to *William Tell*, and a terzetto from Cimarosa's *Secret Marriage*. Mr. Sainton is surely capable of better things than mere operatic garnishings, however ably executed.

Friday brought the festival to a conclusion with the *Messiah*. The solo parts were sustained by Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdlle. Sherrington, Mdlle. Patey, Miss Fairman, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and Mr. Santley.

## THE NORWICH FESTIVAL.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

AFTER the singing of Dr. Bull's National Anthem, Sullivan's "Festival Te Deum" followed, written in celebration of the recovery of the Prince of Wales, and first performed at the Crystal Palace. A few more rehearsals for some of the choruses, in bringing out the "lights and shades," would have been by no means "a work of supererogation." Of course, a work written to order, and, we believe, when suffering from illness, must not be too harshly criticised; but we must nevertheless say honestly that we do not think Mr. Sullivan will have gathered any fresh laurels by his "Festival Te Deum."

The illness of two of the principal singers, Mdlle. Cora de Wilhorst and Mr. Sims Reeves, necessitated a recasting of the parts in the *Creation*, Mdlle. Florence Lancia replacing Mdlle. Cora de Wilhorst; Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Kerr Gedge sharing the tenor music between them; Mr. Santley taking the bass in the first part; Mr. Patey succeeding him in the second part. Mr. Santley's voice strikes us as scarcely of a sufficiently decided bass *timbre* for the *Creation*, and we say this in spite of his admirable delivery of "Rolling in foaming billows." Of Mr. Patey's singing "the least said, soonest mended." We will merely say we have seldom heard him before, and we do not much care if we never hear him again. We should have said that Mdlle. Florence Lancia was a little nervous on this occasion; at any rate, we were not much impressed with her singing of "On mighty pens," and still less so in the trio, "On Thee each living soul," in which she seemed very hesitating in her "leads." "In native worth," set down for Mr. Reeves, was sung very efficiently by Mr. Cummings, M. Paque's violoncello obbligato being a great addition. Mr. Lloyd filling Mr. Cummings' place in the first part most artistically. Mr. Harper's trumpet, in "Now Heaven in fullest glory," was, as usual, very effective. The words of the libretto were altered, and for the better, in our opinion, at Worcester. It owes its very uncouth verbiage to the fact that the libretto, partly selected from Genesis and partly from Milton's "Paradise Lost," was translated into German, and then re-translated into English; the words, with the exception of the first "chorus," being adapted to the music; and the result is the unintelligible jargon which disfigures Haydn's immortal work. He who should remove this blot on the work would deserve to be had in honour of all men.

Beethoven's overture to *Fidelio*, in E major, opened the evening concert on Tuesday, followed by "Ye mariners of England," set by Pierson, the well-known composer of *Jerusalem* and *Hezekiah*, and Mercadante's "Or la sull' onda," which brought out Mdlle. Bettini "in great force." After this came one of the *pièces de resistance*, the cantata *Outward Bound*, composed expressly for the occasion; and having been disappointed of the promised *St. John the Baptist*, we looked forward the more eagerly to the cantata. With the libretto itself we are not particularly enamoured. The appearance of a mermaid in Yarmouth Roads in our matter-of-fact days is, to say the least, somewhat startling. We would suggest to Mr. Oxenford the introduction of the sea-serpent, as a sort of companion picture drawn from the realms of fancy: we flatter ourselves it would be an improvement on Haydn's "sinuous worm." But of course Mr. Macfarren is not responsible for the libretto; the music has plenty of dash and vigour; the attention does not flag; and it ends with the rescue of the imperilled mariners by the life-boat. There are some rollicking choruses which will probably be heard apart from the cantata; notably, a part-song for male voices,



"Weighing Anchor." Mdme. Patey was most successful in her rendering of the sailor's "Wife's Song," with its impressive change of key. Mdme. Lancia, too, did her part right well, and it was no child's play either. The clever way in which Mr. Macfarren has contrived to introduce snatches of the different songs into the final chorus, amid the howling of the storm, is a point to be noticed by the musical critic. The duet expressing the gratitude of the sailor and his wife for his deliverance is very fine, and with this in combination with a chorus the work ends, having been very fairly performed and very well received. The entrance of Mdle. Albani was the signal for enthusiastic applause, which was not lessened when she had sung her aria from Donizetti's *Lucia*. We would venture, with due respect for her talents, to remonstrate with this gifted songstress against a certain tendency to pander to the popular craving for mere display. Guido's bitter sarcasm of the singers of his day is happily no longer true :

"Musicorum et Cantorum  
Magna est distantia;  
Isti dicunt—illi sciunt,  
Quæ composit musica."

We are speaking rather of an exaggerated style of rendering "The Last Rose of Summer" than of "Robin Adair," which was most exquisite and free from affectation; or of the Italian *bravura* airs, in which such graces are more admissible. Mr. Santley's delivery of Hatton's superb song "To Anthea" was a great success. In pleasing contrast followed Weber's "Softly sighs," from *Der Freischütz*, with its exquisitely plaintive recitative, as exquisitely sung by Mdle. Tietjens. The "Triumphal March, with Chant," from *Gideon*, by Mr. Cusins, the most successful number of the whole oratorio when produced at Gloucester, written in the resonant key of B major, and played with much spirit, brought the first part to a conclusion.

The second part opened with Mr. Cowen's "Festival Overture," which contained some fine scoring for the instruments, and was very well received; the rest, being selections "from" (? of) popular ballads and songs, may be briefly dismissed, with the exception of "Robin Adair," Haydn's ever-fresh canzonet, Mr. Cowen's "Marguerite," and Meyerbeer's "Coronation March," from the *Prophet*, remarkable for its lavish instrumentation; the rest may be characterised as scarcely worthy of being produced on such an occasion. The mistake seems to us to have a popular ballad selection at all. If the advancement of art is even a secondary object of these meetings, surely the end would be better attained by some one work, as at Birmingham, than by mere operatic excerpts and popular ballads, which are the rule, unhappily, at present.

Wednesday morning was devoted to the *Elijah*; the work itself being too familiar to need detailed criticism. Wednesday evening opened with Haydn's symphony in G minor, which was admirably played. Note-worthy items were Mdle. Albani's "Cara nome" and "Sovra il sein;" Dr. Bunnett's "Rhineland," composed for the festival, and sung *con amore* by the chorus and Mdme. Lancia, who undertook it at a moment's notice; Campana's "Siciliana," sung with great elegance and grace by Mdme. Bettini; Balfe's quartett from the *Siege of Rochelle*, with its quaint matin bell; Mr. Santley's "Non più andrai," sung with true buffo spirit; and the conductor's Andante and Rondo for pianoforte and orchestra, played with great taste by Mr. Kingston Rudd, a local celebrity. The second part consisted of Rossini's overture to *William Tell*, played with immense *verve*; Mr. Santley's scene from *Zampa*, sung as dramatically as of old at the Gaiety; Mr. Lazarus' clarinet solo, exquisitely played; Offenbach's "C'est

l'Espagne," given with *abandon* by Mdme. Bettini, and other items too numerous to name.

On Thursday morning, as a sort of *lever de rideau*, Handel's "Occasional Overture" was introduced, followed by "Angels ever bright and fair," from the same master's little-known *Theodora* (between some of the numbers of which and certain madrigals of Clari's a wonderful similarity may be detected). Mdle. Albani's rendering was eminently graceful and unaffected rather than devotional. We regret that want of space prevents our giving its due share of notice to Sir Julius Benedict's *St. Peter*; taken as a whole it seemed to "make its mark" with the audience, not strongly prepossessed perhaps in its favour, from causes to which we need not further allude. Many of the airs have been recast since its first publication. We could part without much regret with some of the recitatives, and we think a judicious excision might be made without marring the connection of the work. Of the instrumental parts, the orchestral interlude is a capital specimen of tone-painting; a dead march, of a not particularly moribund character, does not please us so well. We must end our brief notice by congratulating the veteran *maestro* on his success; take it all and all, we look upon it as his greatest work, and feel that his genius has not essayed a task beyond his power.

For Thursday evening's performance the veriest fragment must suffice. Weber's *Euryanthe* overture; Mendelssohn's Capriccio brilliant, with its spirited march, admirably played by Mr. King Hall; Benedict's symphony in G minor, with its piquant scherzo, composed for the occasion; Mr. King Hall's *Endymion* overture, also a first performance, and also a successful item, represented the instrumental element. About many of the songs introduced on this occasion there was an air of "royalty," which did not commend them to our taste. Of Mdme. Bettini's graceful and refined rendering of Gounod's *Berceuse* and "Il Segreto" it is impossible to speak too highly. Of her we may say, without exaggeration, *Nihil tangit quod non ornat*.

The *Messiah* concluded the festival. We must reserve a word of praise for Sir Julius Benedict, for his admirable *tempi* throughout, and for the conscientiousness with which his onerous duties are discharged.

## Foreign Correspondence.

### MUSIC IN NORTH GERMANY.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

LEIPZIG, September, 1872.

THE utter lack of any musical events worth naming during the last four weeks, compels us to look for other material in order to be able to fulfil our duties as regular correspondent. It is, indeed, no unimportant work to which we wish to draw the attention of our readers to-day. We feel the obligation for it all the more, as this work, although published already eighteen years ago, is even in the best musical circles but little known, and is far from having met with its proper appreciation.

In July, 1854, there was published, by Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel, a work under the title: "Canons et Fugues dans tous les tons majeurs et mineurs, pour le Piano, composés par Auguste Alexandre Klengel." This work contains forty-eight canons and as many fugues in all the different keys in succession, just as in Bach's "Wohltemperirte Clavier" (forty-eight preludes and fugues). The work is preceded by a preface by Moritz Hauptmann, who

speaks in just and warm-hearted acknowledgment of the character of Klengel's work, without entering, however, into details. From this preface our readers can learn that this "Wohltemperirte Clavier" of the nineteenth century, as we might call this colossal production of Klengel, was only published after the death of the author.

Auguste Alexander Klengel, a pupil of Clementi, was an excellent piano-player and composer for his instrument. His earlier compositions are almost forgotten, and have no claim to lasting worth. But Klengel has dedicated the second half of his art-life, a period of over thirty years, to the composition of the above-mentioned polyphonic work, which, as regards contrapuntal perfection, has no rival. Tasks of almost incredible difficulty are solved in it with the greatest ease; and the most perfect technical mastery creates in the stiff forms of the canon valuable music-pieces, often of wonderfully telling effect.

Our remarks to-day will be confined to the canons of the work; in the fugues Klengel has not furnished anything new, and besides, clever and well-made in style and combination as they are, we do not count them amongst the most distinguished works in this field. On the other hand, the canons are without exception marvellous. That our readers may judge for themselves, we shall give a few of the most interesting examples. Already the first canon gives us an idea of the truly astonishing cleverness of Klengel. We see here a largely developed prelude (of about seventy-four bars) in C major, common time, in the purest part-writing, whose three upper parts are carried out in the following manner:—The second imitates the third part after half a bar's rest in the second, the first the third part after a whole bar in the third. To this three-part canon the bass forms a free fourth part. The composition of the piece does not give an idea of the enormous difficulties of the style. After the thirtieth bar Klengel returns to the beginning of the canon, and again with the fifty-seventh bar. Each time the progression is varied, and everywhere there is euphony and orderly construction. Only those that are well up in counterpoint can form an idea of the enormous difficulties of this work, but every intelligent listener, even if he is not able to follow the contrapuntal combinations, will be attracted and delighted by the pure musical contents. The second canon (C minor) is in three parts, in thirds and fifths, without a free part, till in the last five bars a free conclusion making use of the theme is added. Also this piece creates, through its characteristic subject, a powerful impression. No. 3 is less ingenious; it is a canon in fourths with free accompaniment. It is an *andante cantabile*, and a very charming piece, which we can recommend to educated pianists as suitable for salon or concert performance.

As we cannot possibly here, in the little space allotted to us, give an analysis of all the forty-eight canons, we will only name the most striking examples.

The sixth canon (D minor, common time) begins with the three parts together; the middle part, in quavers, is imitated by the upper part in semiquavers (*per diminuzione*), and by the bass, on the other hand, in crotchets (*per aumentazione*) in the upper and lower octave. This imitation in the diminution reaches, in the quickly-moving upper part, to the 24th bar (bar 12 in the middle part), then it becomes free. The bass, as it progresses in amplification, imitates only the first fourteen bars of the middle part and finishes in the 28th bar the canon, which is followed by a short free coda of six bars. The ninth canon is a three-part canon in three octaves up to the last bar; the parts imitate at a bar's distance. The fifteenth canon is in four parts, and the bass commences; it is imitated after one bar by the alto in the sixth, after a second bar by the soprano in the fourth, and from the third bar by the tenor in

the second. The strict imitation goes on up to the seventh bar before the finale. No. 18 is a canon in unison with bass as a free part. Canon 21 is a double-canon; its title is: *Canone doppio alla dominante, a 4-parti*. The two lower parts form, just like the two upper ones, each a canon in fifths. Both canons are strictly carried through to the last bar. All four parts give, in seemingly quite unconstrained manner, a very pleasing piece, *allegro moderato* (B major, common time). Two three-part canons, through three octaves, each imitating at a bar's distance, in B major and B minor, conclude the first volume.

The second volume opens with a canon in the octave, with free middle parts, which, as regards invention, counts amongst the happiest of the work. The second canon brings, after a short prelude of two bars, a three-part movement whose lower two parts imitate the soprano in the fourth and seventh. To this comes in the progress of the piece, after a perfect cadence on the dominant, a free part as bass; and again, later on, after a similar cadence on the tonic, a fifth free part as soprano. Here, also, the canon parts in succession change the imitation, the originally second and last imitating part beginning first, followed by the two others equally changed. The entries of the different parts always follow, as in the beginning, at equal distances, each after two semiquavers. The fourth canon of the second volume is a double-canon in the dominant, like No. 21 of the first volume. The conclusion of the two-part fuguetto, No. 6, forms a very charming canon, *all' unisono per moto retto e moto contrario*, with a free part in the bass.

For the conclusion of our remarks we choose the finest and most interesting canon of the whole work; it is No. 17 of the second volume, entitled *Canone cromatico ed enarmonico alla quinta e seconda*. The leading part moves up to the eighteenth bar exclusively in chromatic intervals. This part—it is the middle part of the movement in the beginning in three parts—is imitated after two crotchets by the bass in the fifth, and after two more crotchets by the soprano in the second. With the twenty-ninth bar the canon finishes, to be immediately repeated an octave higher, but enriched by a fourth free part in the bass. After the finish of this repetition the free part in the bass disappears, and in its place steps a free soprano part, under which the canon appears as *Canone a rovescio* in such a way that the former middle part of the canon commences as bass; this is imitated by the original soprano as middle part after two crotchets; the original bass part becomes the upper part of the canon. A free finale of eight bars concludes this marvellous masterpiece, which brings to light in its most complicated complication an endless richness and charming wealth of harmonic combinations. On every sensitive listener this canon will produce the deep and lasting impression of a truly important art production.

We only wish that these lines may serve to draw the attention of larger musical circles to the work of Aug. Alex. Klengel, and that these poor indications, which we could only give here, may be the means of stimulating a close study of Klengel's canons.

#### MUSIC IN VIENNA.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

VIENNA, September 12, 1872.

COMING home but yesterday from travelling, I am forced to take refuge in the newspapers, to become acquainted with the musical events during my absence from Vienna. There is, first of all, the Imperial Opera, which reopened on the 1st August with *Faust*. This very first evening

was marked by an indisposition as usual. Margaretha felt ill, and poor Faust was forced to direct his feelings to an unexpected substitute for his love, Mdle. Hauck in place of Mdle. Ehn. As we have, after the departure of Mdle. Rabatinsky, no fioritura singer of the first rank, Mdme. Pauli-Markovits, from Pesth, was invited to a series of Gastrollen; but after having performed Margaretha of Valois, though sufficiently honoured, she found it better to withdraw from our stage. She sang, as it is said, with much taste, and great flexibility, but the voice itself was too small for our large house. Another guest, Frl. v. Telini, from Stuttgart, performed Valentine, Selica, and Agathe, the latter her best rôle. Talented, and with a good voice in the upper notes, she left school only too soon; she was, however, well received. Another singer, Mdle. Brandt from Berlin, sang only once in the Carlskirche. The famous Betz, from Berlin, who was here also last year, performed six times (Hans Sachs three times, Fliegende Holländer, Hans Heiling, and Count of Luna). His faculties, good and bad, were criticised in the same way as formerly. A true master in the Wagner school, he was again the most applauded as Hans Sachs; the romantic and demoniacal part not being his forte, he could not surpass our famous Beck as Hans Heiling. Wachtel, the great tenor with the precious C-note, performed four times (Chapelon twice, Arnold, and Manrico). His middle notes are said to have become larger and fuller, the higher notes showing already some fatigue. Wachtel filled the house on summer-like evenings, and was honoured with often-repeated applause. Of our own four tenors, Müller is still absent, Adams enjoys holidays since the 1st of September, so there remain Walter and Labatt, the latter having performed ten different rôles. Faust was performed alternately by Walter, Labatt, and Adams. Walter seemed a little fatigued after his triumphs in London. Niemann, from Berlin, is expected to sing, particularly in Wagner's operas. We are promised to hear shortly *Così fan tutte*; as a novelty it is intended to give *Hamlet*, by Thomas, and "perhaps" Verdi's *Aida*. Mozart's opera is in the hands of Frau Wilt, Frl. Ehn and Hauck, Herren Walter, Mayerhofer, and Rokitansky; the opera was last performed in February, 1863. It is a pity that the direction, though often encouraged, lacks the boldness to bring *Idomeneo* on the stage, an opera which would be like a novelty for the entire population of Vienna. I give you now, as every month, the list of the performed operas from the 1st August till to-day, the 12th September:—*Faust* (three times), *Fra Diavolo*, *Hugenotten*, *Romeo* (twice), *Judin*, *Lohengrin*, *Tell* (twice), *Freischütz*, *Meistersinger* (three times), *Stumme*, *Fliegende Holländer*, *Afrikanerin*, *Hans Heiling*, *Norma*, *Rienzi*, *Troubadour* (twice), *Don Juan*, *Zauberflöte*, *Fidelio*, *Proset*, *Postillion* (twice), *Mignon*, *Tannhäuser*.

The Theater an der Wien is preparing again a new opera by Offenbach—*The Corsair*. After the departure of the French company of Meynadier, no operetta was heard till the 7th September, when a German composer followed the footsteps of Offenbach, with a comic operetta in three acts. *Die Pilger*, by Max Wolf, formerly a rich proprietor of a distillery, met with a thankful audience, which found the novelty very amusing, not so much the book as the music, some numbers showing some sort of wit, particularly in the instrumentation. The work was well performed, and repeated since with the same good result.

The Carltheater, under the new direction of Franz Jauner, produced a few well-known operettas, as *Fleurette*, *Franz Schubert* (Original Liederspiel), *Prinzessin von Trapezunt*; Josefine Gallineyer, the restless singer, as

guest. The part of Galathe was sung by Signora Benatti, last year member of an Italian opera company, and so much honoured that she resolved to pass over to the German stage. She sang twice in our great Opera, but her voice was too small for such a place. Now she changed the stage again, and tried her fortune in the Leopoldstadt suburb. But with all her energy she could not master our language. She sang, however, with so much taste, and acted so well, that she was applauded heartily. On the 7th of August began, in the same Carltheater, the Italian opera company of E. Meynadier and A. Somigli, with a new opera—*Le Educande di Sorrento*—the music by Emilio Usiglio, who himself conducted. The opera is announced as a melodrama-giocosco, but the book is described as a poor imitation of the manner of the *Barber of Seville*, the music very noisy, too heavy, overloaded with wind-instruments à la Verdi. Some numbers yet pleased, and were much applauded. The company was not a first-rate, but good one, among them Signora De Baillon-Marionni, Guarducci, Signor Bronzino, and the buffo Fioravanti. The result of that Italian enterprise seems to have been a very modest one, as no other opera followed. The company left the Carltheater and Vienna (it was the third one in that year), and nothing was heard as to which direction it took.

## Reviews.

*Wiener Salon-Musik.* Arrangements for Piano and Harmonium. By C. G. LICKL. Wien: Diabelli & Co.

*Schubert's Symphony in B Minor.* Arranged for Piano and Harmonium, by L. A. ZELLNER. Wien: C. A. Spina.

*Overtures and Entr'actes.* By FRANZ SCHUBERT. Arranged for Piano and Harmonium, by L. A. ZELLNER. Wien: C. A. Spina.

THE great improvements which have of late years been made in the construction of the harmonium, have raised it to a high rank among instruments fitted alike for home amusement or for concert performance. Few, even among musicians, except those who have made it a special study, have any idea of the almost exhaustless effects which a large harmonium of the better class places at their disposal. Not only has the unpleasant reedy and nasal quality which used to characterise the instrument been entirely got rid of, but by the combination of the various registers, differing not only in quality but in pitch, orchestral effects are attainable to an extent which is really surprising; and while the application of the "percussion action" renders possible the clear articulation of the most rapid passages, the "expression stop," in the hands of a good player, gives the most perfect gradations of tone from an almost inaudible whisper to the most powerful *fortissimo*. The tone of the harmonium, moreover, is such as to blend admirably with that of the piano; and even where the former instrument is small, and comparatively incomplete, many charming effects can be obtained by the union of the two; while the different tone-colours of a harmonium containing the full number of stops render arrangements for it, in combination with the piano, far better as a substitute for orchestral music than the best transcriptions for four hands on the piano only.

It is therefore a matter of some surprise that so little advantage should be taken of the opportunities which the union of the two instruments affords. Many people who possess both a piano and a harmonium keep them either in different rooms, or if not, tuned to a different pitch; and it is with the view of calling their attention to a source of musical enjoyment of which they may be unaware, that we have selected for notice the pieces the titles of which stand at the head of this article.

Herr Lickl is a pianist and harmonium player residing, we believe, in Vienna, and his work, "Wiener Salon-Musik," which comprises thirty numbers, has the advantage of being, with the exception of a few of the latter parts, designed for a small instrument. In most cases no directions for the use of the stops are given; and while opportunity is thus afforded for the exercise of taste and judgment where varied resources are at command, those who possess harmoniums with only one row of reeds will find in these numbers a large selection of pieces which are within their reach. Herr Lickl's choice of subjects is of the most catholic description. To suit the lovers



of Italian opera we find here an excellent series of potpourris from the most popular works of this class, such as *Norma*, *Sonnambula*, *Lucia*, *Robert le Diable*, *Les Huguenots*, and others; while the admirers of classical music will find their tastes equally consulted. Among the larger works of the great composers are to be found the whole of Haydn's *Seven Last Words*, Mozart's *Requiem*, the same composer's celebrated clarinet quintet, and his trio for piano, clarinet, and viola, Beethoven's Mass in C, septet, and several movements from his symphonies, quartets, &c. Other numbers are devoted to arrangements of songs by Proch, Schubert, &c.; and these, while the simplest, are by no means the least effective. Such a song, for example, as Schubert's "Ave Maria" comes out (to use a common but expressive phrase) on the two instruments to perfection. The whole of these transcriptions have the additional advantage of being moderately easy.

Herr Zellner's arrangements from Schubert stand on a somewhat different footing from the pieces we have just noticed. They are all designed for a full-sized harmonium, and no one who has an instrument with less than four rows of reeds can essay them with any chance of realising their remarkable effects. But those favoured individuals who rejoice in the possession of a first-class instrument, and who know how to manage it (quite as important a proviso, by the way), will find in these pieces a musical treat such as they have probably never before (at least at their own homes) experienced. And although, from the fact of their requiring such a large harmonium to do them justice, we doubt if they will have a very extensive sale, they deserve notice as almost unique examples (so far as we know) of what can really be done on the two instruments in the way of orchestral effects. The great symphony in A minor, one of Schubert's most characteristic works, is reproduced in this arrangement with a fidelity which is really wonderful. Until we had played it ourselves we could not have believed it possible that so close an imitation of the various instrumental points could have been produced. No less admirable in their way are the overture and entr'acte to *Rosamunde*, and the overtures to *Alphonso and Estrella*, and *Fierabras*. In the hands of two thoroughly good players the whole series will be found brilliantly effective; and while Herr Lick's arrangements are the more popular, those of Herr Zellner are certainly the more remarkable.

*Huldigungs-Marsch, für grosses Orchester.* Von RICHARD WAGNER. Full score. London: Schott & Co.

Few modern scores are so difficult to read, with any fair chance of realising with the mind's ear the full conception of the composer, as those of Wagner. This arises not merely from their fulness, the march now before us being a score of twenty-one staves, but even more from their polyphony. The different subjects, sometimes four or five at a time, cross and interlace with one another in such manifold complexities that it would not be easy, even in listening to a performance, to grasp the whole, and the comprehension of it by reading only involves severe mental exertion. As the work has not yet been performed (we believe) in this country, we speak merely from repeated and very careful perusal of it, and with some little hesitation, as it is quite possible that the actual hearing of the work might in some points modify our impressions.

Wagner is so essentially a dramatic composer that we think we do him no injustice when we say that he is never heard at his best when unconnected with the stage. Thus his *Faust* overture is by no means equal to the preludes to *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, and his "Kaisermarsch," produced some little time since at the Crystal Palace, was more distinguished for attempt than attainment. So with the present march. We may say at once that we do not consider it one of his finest works; it is nevertheless of great, and in many respects of special interest. If we compare it with the well-known and favourite march from *Tannhäuser*, perhaps the most generally popular of all his compositions, we shall see at a glance the immense difference between the Wagner of 1845 and the Wagner of 1872. In the earlier work we have the clear, distinct rhythmic forms of the old school, regular four-bar rhythms, the customary, sometimes almost stereotyped cadences; in the latter, on the contrary, the veritable "unendliche Melodie," as the Germans call it, one phrase flowing into another, the outlines indistinct, yet with grandiose ideas looming hazily through. Perhaps as good a comparison as we can find for the march is to liken it to one of the later pictures of Turner. A detailed analysis of it would be useless, because unintelligible without quotations. It is, as may be inferred from our previous remarks, in the freest possible form—more of a fantasia or rhapsody in march time than a march as generally understood. The music flows on in a continuous stream—we might almost say in one continuous phrase from beginning to end. Whether it pleases or not (and about this, in England at least, there may possibly be two opinions) it cannot fail to interest, as the latest

development of style of one of the most earnest thinkers among living musicians. The orchestration, as is always the case with Wagner, is extremely brilliant and effective without being overpoweringly noisy. We consider the "Huldigungs-Marsch" as a whole a work rather of deep thought than of high inspiration, and recommend it to the notice of our readers.

*Beethoven's "Six Sacred Songs."* Transcribed for the Piano by FRANZ LISZT. New Edition, revised by E. PAUER. Augener & Co.

LISZT is one of those writers of whom it may safely be predicated that the loftier the subjects he treats, the more successful he will be. Hence his operatic fantasias and original compositions for the piano, always clever and brilliant, and frequently very striking as they undoubtedly are, are in our opinion far surpassed by his transcriptions from the works of the great composers. His finest work of this nature we decidedly consider his arrangement for piano solo of the complete series of Beethoven's symphonies, noticed some time since in these columns; but many of his smaller pieces—such as Schubert's, Schumann's, and Mendelssohn's songs—are but little, if at all, inferior in excellence. The present series, comprising the six sacred songs by Gellert, which Beethoven set to music, and which, next to the "Adelaide," are probably the best known of all his songs, is an excellent example of Liszt's skill in arrangement, and has the additional advantage of being far easier than most of our author's pianoforte pieces. Indeed there is nothing in them which is beyond the reach of a fairly good player. All are so well done as to render it difficult to single out any for special mention; but perhaps on the whole the finest transcription is that of the finest song—the celebrated "Busslied." Purists would probably object to the alteration of the text in the coda on the last page of the song; but the change is more in the letter than in the spirit, and so much additional brilliancy is given to the close that we do not feel disposed to quarrel with the arranger for the liberty he has taken. The present edition of these pieces has the advantage of having the English version of the words printed over the music—a great help to the proper comprehension of the composer's meaning.

*A Morning Service in F*, in unison, with free Organ Accompaniment. *An Evening Service in F*, chiefly in unison, with free Organ Accompaniment. By HENRY HILES, Mus. Doc. Oxon. Novello, Ewer, & Co.

A COMPARISON of many of the recently published settings of the Church Service with those to be found in old collections of cathedral music, shows a considerable alteration in musical taste. The settings of the Canticles which were in use by our forefathers depended chiefly, often entirely, on the voices. Counterpoint in its most elaborate forms was freely employed, and the result was that the music had to be left altogether to the choir, for no congregation could be brought to sing correctly the fugal passages which are of such frequent occurrence. But the change in popular feeling on the subject of congregational singing, and the ever-spreading conviction that it is the duty of all the people to take part in the service of praise, has brought about a corresponding change in the character of the music produced, and a large number of modern services are written with chiefly unisonous voice parts, in which those of the most moderate musical ability can join, while the embellishments and colouring are left to the organist. To this class belong Dr. Hiles's two new works. Indeed so great is the prominence given to the organ, that we are half inclined to describe them as organ pieces with vocal accompaniments. Like all the works of their author which we have yet seen, they are thoroughly well written, and show everywhere the hand of an experienced musician. The voice parts are simple and singable throughout; the organ accompaniment is clever, and in the hands of a good player would be very effective, but it needs judicious treatment. On the whole we prefer the evening service to the morning one, but both will be found useful in churches where unisonous singing is in vogue.

*Te Deum in B Flat.* By EDWARD LAWRENCE. (No publisher's name.)

MR. LAWRENCE's music is as complete a contrast to Dr. Hiles's, just noticed, as can well be imagined. Here the chief prominence is given throughout to the voices, the harmony being very full—sometimes in five or six parts—and the organ is in several passages altogether silent. The whole piece is well written, but it seems to us to suffer somewhat from want of coherence.

*"The Quarter Chime."* Fifteen Original Hymn-Tunes. By ISAAC CLARKE. Novello, Ewer, & Co. The most "original" thing about these Hymn-Tunes is their

curious nomenclature. Why a collection of tunes should be called "The Quarter Chime" is a riddle that we are obliged to give up. The names of the tunes, too, are sometimes very curious. On the first page "Pison" stares us in the face, and it is followed by such queer titles as "Nod," "Hiddekel," and "Gihon." But the difficulty of finding new names for tunes is so great that we congratulate Mr. Clarke on having opened a new vein in this direction. For his next collection of psalm-tunes we recommend him to refer to the opening chapters of the First Book of Chronicles. He will find fresh names enough there to last him for his lifetime.

*A Selection of Songs from Goethe, Heine, Tennyson, and others.*  
The Music by T. H. MACDERMOTT. Augener & Co.

THERE is so much that is good about these songs, that it is with great regret we remark there is scarcely one number to which we can give unqualified praise. Mr. MacDermott is, we should judge from his writings, an amateur of considerable taste and feeling, and by no means destitute of inventive power. His selection of words is excellent, and his melodies are frequently very pleasing, and always in harmony with his subject. But here unfortunately our praise must end, and we must ask, as we have often had occasion to ask before, why will people attempt to compose without understanding the laws of musical grammar? There is hardly one of these otherwise excellent songs the accompaniment of which is not disfigured by faulty (and occasionally atrocious) progressions. In the midst of really well-written music, suddenly a passage occurs which acts on a sensitive musician like a red rag on a bull. If Mr. MacDermott would only study composition, he would be capable of producing something of value; if not, we should recommend him to have his music revised by some competent person before publication.

*Beethoven's Serenade*, Op. 8. Arranged for Two Pianos (four hands), by G. BURCHARD.

*Polonaise from Beethoven's Serenade*, Op. 8. Arranged for Two Pianos (eight hands), by G. BURCHARD.

*Marcia Funebra from Beethoven's Sinfonia Eroica*. Arranged for Piano (four hands), Violin, and Violoncello, by F. HERMANN. Offenbach: J. André.

THE arrangements of Beethoven's works already existing are well-nigh countless in number, and "the cry is still they come." Nor is this to be wondered at when the constantly increasing popularity of the music is considered. We have here before us three new arrangements, all good in their way, though very different in character. The Serenade, written for three stringed instruments, though by no means one of its composer's strongest works, will always be a popular favourite from its melodious character. We are rather surprised, nevertheless, at Herr Burchard's choice of it, as it is comparatively so thin as to offer but little scope for a four-handed, still less for an eight-handed arrangement. Of course the filling-up of the harmonies, and the doubling of many parts in octaves, alters to a considerable extent the character of the music, and gives an effect of richness and fullness not to be found in the original. But in their way the arrangements are excellent, and will be found useful by teachers in schools, where for some special display it is desired that several pupils should play at a time. The arrangement of the Funeral March from the "Eroica Symphony" is, we think, superior to those from the Serenade, because more in harmony with the original character of the work. The combination of the piano duet with the violin and violoncello is an unusual one, and is very effectively treated.

*The Art of Playing the Zither*. By CURT E. A. SCHULZ. London: J. Hart.

NOT understanding ourselves the art of playing the zither, we are perhaps scarcely so well qualified as we might be to pronounce an opinion on this instruction-book. We have, however, carefully perused it, and by the aid of the excellent diagrams it contains have, at all events, obtained some idea of the way in which the instrument is played. We can recommend the work as being very lucid in its explanations; indeed we should think that by its aid it would be possible to acquire at least moderate proficiency on the zither without the help of a master.

#### SHEET MUSIC.

LOUIS KÖHLER'S *Thirty Melodies in progressive order*, Op. 212; *Short Melodious Exercises with still-standing (f) hand*, Op. 204; and *Thirty Daily Exercises*, Op. 206 (Offenbach: J. André), will

like all the educational works of this experienced writer, be found useful by teachers.

*Caprice and Courante*, for Violin, with Piano Accompaniment, by EMILE D'ERLANGER (Offenbach: J. André), are by no means striking. Moreover, the Courante is not a "Courante," being in common time.

"*An der schönen blauen Donau*," "*La Donna e mobile*," "*Io te voglio*," and "*Kärnthner Lieder-Marsch*," transcribed for the Piano, by D. KRUG (Offenbach: J. André), are four good (and easy) teaching-pieces.

Of *Six Songs* by Sir Walter Scott, Music by E. D. PALMER (London: F. Pitman), the first three are before us. They are by no means remarkable for merit.

"*Ever the same*," Song, by G. RICHARDSON (London: John Shepherd), is rather pretty, and somewhat commonplace.

"*There's life in England yet*," Song, by G. RICHARDSON (London: Rudall, Rose, & Carte), is about equal to the song last noticed.

"*Why ask me to repeat my love?*" Duetto, by JANE SCHENLEY (Cramer, Wood, & Co.). Why indeed? It is "the old, old story," with regard to music, as well as words.

"*The Troubadour*," Song, by T. H. MACDERMOTT (Augener & Co.), is, like the songs of Mr. MacDermott's noticed above, better in melody than in harmony, the latter being occasionally "queer."

"*A Hymn of Love*," by Master HERBERT BAINES (London: Stead & Co.), shows that Master Baines can at least write correct four-part harmony. We congratulate him, for there are many who cannot do so much.

*Fantasia on Weber's "Euryanthe"*, for Violoncello, with Accompaniment of Orchestra or Piano, by BERNHARD COSSMANN, Op. 7 (Offenbach: J. André), is a capital show-piece for violoncellists, to whom we can heartily recommend it.

*Gavotte von Louis XIII., Paraphrase pour Piano*, par J. B. ANDRÉ (Offenbach: J. André), is an excellent teaching-piece for somewhat advanced pupils. By those who have a fair command of octave-playing, it can be made very effective.

*Méditation, pour Piano*, par J. SCHMUCK (London: A. Hammond & Co.), is a drawing-room piece of the ordinary stamp, neither strikingly bad nor conspicuously good.

"*A Summer's Day in the Country*," Descriptive Piece, by J. SCHMUCK (A. Hammond & Co.), is supposed to represent "The Singing of Birds," "A Thunderstorm," "Clearing up again, and return of Sunshine," &c. Mr. Schmuck's music has the merit of bearing no resemblance whatever to Beethoven's treatment of a similar subject in his "Pastoral Symphony."

"*The Mountain Melody*," for Piano, by HORTON C. ALLISON (London: Weekes & Co.), is a simple but well-written sketch of two pages, which can be safely recommended to teachers.

"*L'Amazone*," *Morceau caractéristique, pour Piano*, par MICHEL BERGSON (London: J. McDowell & Co.). We always had an idea that the Amazons were rather unpleasant people; our previous impressions are now confirmed.

"*Un Orage dans les Lagunes*," par MICHEL BERGSON (J. McDowell & Co.), is a rather commonplace piece of "musical fireworks."

*Six Marches*, by JOSEF GUNG'L (A. Hammond & Co.), are, one and all, excellent—full of spirit and tune. We heartily recommend the whole set.

"*Flowers by the Wayside*" ("Blumen am Wege"), by GUSTAV LANGE (A. Hammond & Co.), are four simple and easy, but very pleasing drawing-room pieces. They are evidently written by a man who knows what he is about, and we doubt not they will be found acceptable and useful for teaching purposes.

*Abendlied, für Piano*, von H. KOEPPEN (Offenbach: J. André), is a rather pretty little piece, the opening of which is strongly suggestive of a chorus in Spohr's *Calvary*, usually known in its adapted form as "As pants the hart."

*Polonaise*, for the Piano, by J. H. FRANZ, is brilliant, and decidedly original, though somewhat sombre in character. In the hands of a good player it will be effective.

"*Klänge aus der Ferne*," for Piano, by W. RANK (Offenbach: J. André), is a commonplace drawing-room piece.

"*Von der Maifei*," by ALBERT JUNGSMANN (Offenbach: J. André), is better than the last-named, and will do as a teaching-piece.

"*Sunshine again in England*," Waltzes, composed and dedicated by permission to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, on his recovery, by AGNES CHAMBERLAYNE (A. Hammond & Co.), are

neither very original nor invariably correct in harmony. We fear His Royal Highness has a good deal to answer for in the way of loyal effusions in consequence of his recovery!

"*Du stiller Wald*" ("Selva opaca") from "*William Tell*," and "*Tyroler Lied*," by FRITZ SPINDLER (Offenbach: J. André), are two brilliant and effective piano pieces by one of the most experienced of the writers of drawing-room music.

"*The Carol Singers*," Song, by FRANK D'ALQUEN (London: Weekes & Co.), has very pleasing words appropriately set. We think it likely to become a favourite.

#### MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

Allison. "Philomèle." (Duncan Davison & Co.)—*Bachmann*. Barcarolle. (McDowell.)—*Curwen*. Standard Course, Staff Notation. (Tonic Sol-fa Agency.)—*D'Arcy*. "Galway Militia Polka Mazurka." (Authoress.)—*D'Ernesti*. "Paris." (McDowell.)—*Dupont*. Gavotte, Sarabande, Bourrée. (Schott & Co.)—*Frost*. "Thou shalt shew," Sanctus, Kyrie, and Gloria. (Limpus.)—*Gladstone*. Preludes, &c. (Novello, Ewer, & Co.)—*Glover*. "Hope's Bright Dream." (Morley.)—*Green*. Progression of Chords. (Novello, Ewer, & Co.)—*Kowalski*. Pastorale. (McDowell.)—*Land*. "Summer Breezes." (Morley.)—*Lebeau*. Chanson Moldave, Refrain du Berger, Célèbre Menuet. (Schott & Co.)—*Leffler*. "Farewell." (Morley.)—*Merkel*. Abendruhe. (Schott & Co.)—*Meyer*. Fairly Mazurka. (Morley.)—*Palmer*. Chasse au bois, Coquetterie. (McDowell.)—*Perru*. Moulin. (McDowell.)—*Pessard*. "Méditation." (McDowell.)—*Rignol*. "Granny's Courtship." (Davis.)—*Stratham*. "O come hither." (Novello, Ewer, & Co.)—*Taylor*. "What somebody wanted." (Morley.)—*Tolhurst*. "There's Sunshine." (Duncan Davison & Co.)—*Weiss*. "Autumn Leaves." (Morley.)

### Musical Notes.

THE Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts will be resumed on the 5th inst. The programme announced for this, the seventeenth series, is fully equal in interest to the high average standard of former years. Besides the nine symphonies of Beethoven in chronological order, we are promised an early symphony in E flat by Mozart, Schubert's (M.S.) symphony in B flat (No. 2), and a new MS. work by Sir W. Sterndale Bennett, composed expressly for the Crystal Palace. Among the choral works, the performance of *Paradise and the Peri*—Schumann's, not Barnett's—will be to many musicians a special attraction. The instrumental solo pieces announced for a first performance are Mozart's last pianoforte concerto in B flat, Beethoven's posthumous rondo in the same key for piano and orchestra, and Rubinstein's remarkable concerto in D minor, by whom played we are not told.

MR. RIDLEY PRENTICE has also issued the prospectus of his forthcoming series of concerts at Brixton. Among the works he promises are Bennett's sonata in A for piano and violoncello, a quintett for strings by Mr. Henry Holmes, a sonata for piano and violin by Mr. W. H. Holmes, Mr. G. A. Macfarren's piano quintett in G minor, and Raff's piano trio in G. The instrumental performers will be the same as during previous seasons, and we trust that these excellent concerts will meet with all the support they deserve.

THE Potteries Tonic Sol-fa Choir gave their opening concert for the present season on the 17th ult. at the Town Hall, Burslem, under the direction of Mr. Powell.

WE are happy to learn from a pamphlet which has been forwarded to us by Mr. Edward Thurnam, of Reigate, the Honorary Treasurer of the Blagrove Testimonial Fund, that that fund has reached the sum of above £1,250, after deducting all expenses. A Government annuity of £100 has been purchased for Mr. Blagrove, and the remaining sum presented to him in cash.

THE sudden death, from disease of the heart, is announced of Mr. Thomas Young, the well-known alto singer.

DR. LOWELL MASON recently died at Orange, New Jersey, at the ripe age of eighty-one. Dr. Mason was well known for his exertions in the promotion of psalmody; his good taste, however, was by no means equal to his zeal.

AN able, but severe, article from the pen of Mr. Colin Brown appeared in a recent number of the *Presbyterian Psalmist*, on "Musical Education in our Normal Schools."

THE *Leipzig Signale* states that Mons. Ch. Lamoureux, in Paris, intends next winter to give performances of the finest of Bach's cantatas. The same journal also mentions a report, which however needs confirmation, that a Bach Society is to be established at Madrid.

THE latest curiosity of criticism is to be found in the columns of a musical contemporary, who often furnishes us, unintentionally, with much amusement. Speaking of Handel's "Let the bright Seraphim," the reporter of the Worcester Festival calls it "the soprano air in C, too often published in B flat." Comment is superfluous.

ORGAN APPOINTMENTS.—Mr. C. C. Robey (Organist of the Church of Annunciation, and Assistant-Organist of St. Paul's), to St. Stephen's, Brighton. Mr. Jacob Bradford (of St. James's, Hatcham), to St. Peter's, Eltham Road, Blackheath.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. F. LELLAN (Wigan).—(1) We are not aware that any of Richard Wagner's writings have been published in a complete form in English. (2) Schlüter's History of Music (published by Bentley) would probably answer your purpose.

All communications respecting Contributions should be addressed to the Editor, and must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor cannot undertake to return Rejected Communications.

Business letters should be addressed to the Publishers.

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